

# THrifts Eqvipe:

Viz.

Five Divine and Morall Meditations;

O F

1. Frugalitie.
  2. Prouidence.
  3. Diligence.
  4. Labour and Care.
  5. Death.
- 

Prou. 28. 19.

*He that tilleth his Land shall haue plenteousnes of bread,  
but he that followes idle persons, shall haue povertie.*

---



L O N D O N,

Printed for John Teage, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls  
Church-yard at the signe of the Ball. 1622.

~~THE~~

I Meddle not with newes of Parliament,  
Court-Favourites, or Kingdomes governement;  
I on Kings secrets, and affaires of State,  
Nor know, nor need, nor care to meditate :  
Let gods, who haue the charge of all, beare sway,  
The Muses must not censure, but obey.

I sing what most I wish; what's that? to thriue,  
Without least wrong to any man aliuine :  
A gratefull Worke to all, to young and old,  
That seeke to get or to increase their gold :  
But why goes Death then with this thrifte traine?  
Because I hold, it is the greatest gaine  
To die well: For we no man truely call  
Or rich, or happy, till his Funerall.

To the Author.

V Ertue thine Obiect, thou her Subject art;  
Thou deck'st her in thy verse, she decks thine  
Each th' other doth deseruedly set foorth; (heart:  
From thee her praises flow, from her thy woorth.

R. C.

T O



TO THE R I G H T  
HONORABLE, WILLIAM,  
LORD MAYNARD, M Y  
very good Lord.

---

To whom should I these pleasing paines commend,  
My Mule hath laine Frugality to trade?  
But to the Muses deare and noble friend,  
Who, as in Honour, seekes to thriue in Grace:  
Who, truly nob'e, honouretb his Place;  
Nor fer his Place is onely honour'd:  
Whom should the Muses more desire to grace,  
Then whom they haue vp in their Bosomes bred;  
And who with bounteous gifis them bath reguerdoned?

Such Bounty is true Thrift: Thus thou dost lay  
Thy treasure vp in heau'n; thus thou dost gaine:  
By giuing of some fading goods away,  
True honour, which for ever shall remaine:  
If thou wilt pleased be to entertaine  
Thrift and her traine, into thy Patronage,  
I boldly dare in her behalfe maintaine,  
Shee is faire, bounteous, sober, graue and sage,  
And fit to counsell thee, in Youth, in Strength, and Age.

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

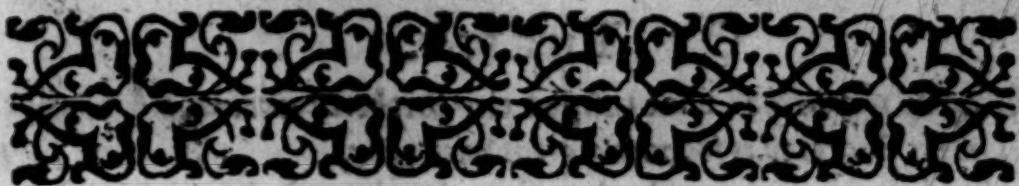
Next, Prouidence shall guide thee and protect,  
In all wherin thine hand is diligent,  
And holy Care and Labour shall direct  
Thy Counsels to a iust and good event,  
To ban' n of Rest, to harbour of Content:  
And if thou please to reade Deaths Meditation,  
Thou shalt perceiue her as an Herald sent,  
To summon thee to heau' nly habitation,  
To blessed Bride and Bridegroomes marriage-consummation:

Most happy end of all, that rightly runne  
Their courses in the dayes of vanity !  
With Wisedomes study Solomon began,  
But ends all with this Epithalamie :  
Sweet Swan-like Farewell of Mortality!  
Taste of true Ioy which ever shall remaine !  
Then know, it is thy highest Dignitie,  
Thy Earnest slave, of heau' n on earth, to gaine;  
Which I will pray for, Thou must labour to attayne.

Your Lordships most deuoted in all  
affectionate duty and seruice,

Robert Aylet.

M E D I -



## M E D I T A T I O N I.

### *Of Frugality, or Thrift.*

**M**Y Muse now fares like some plaine country Mayd,  
Walking in fairest Garden for delight,  
With all variety and choyce arrayd,  
Of herbs and flowers to please the Sent & Sight;  
Who with the choycest flowers doth first bedight  
White silken pillowes of her bosome faire;  
But after their rich colours her invite,  
With them to decke her head and golden haire,  
That as she them adorne, so they may all begay her.

For when Brides garden first I entered  
Of Graces, for delightfull meditation,  
I onely some choyce Flowers gathered,  
For holy Life, and heau'ly Contemplation :

But passing foorth with choyce of Delectation,  
Such sweet and rich variety I find,  
Fit to adorne my life and conversation,  
Out of those p!ecasnt knots I cannot wind,  
Which with new choyce of flowres & herbs delight my mind.

But amongst all the fragrant herbes and flowers,  
That in the Graces garden doe abound,  
I find none of more sou'raigne grace and powers,  
Than this of Thrift, which next I do propound:

An berbe indeed that's hardly to be found,  
Because she mostwhat in a corner growes,  
And matteh low vpon the fattest ground,  
And many her mistake for likely shewes,  
But scarce one of an hundred that her truly knowes.

## 2 OF THRIFT.

Oh heau'ny Muse! that taught the shepherds swaine,  
(As he his flockes was following great with yong,  
To feed them on faire Jordans flowrie plaine)  
Divinest skill in Tunes and heau'ny Song;  
With some such holy Fury touch my tong,  
Whilst I now of Frugality do sing;  
Who, though she little doth to me belong,  
Yet if thou helpe to touch my harsher string,  
I may teach some her practice, whilst her praise I ring.  
She is that Vertue, or that golden Meane,  
'Twixt Auarice and Prodigallie,  
The constant Moderation betweene  
Base Niggardize, and wasting Luxury.

We Temp'rance, Abstinence, and Modestie,  
With Continence, in this word T H R I F T contain;  
And yet exclude not Liberallity.

Who doth to name of <sup>a</sup> frugall man attaine,  
One of the highest Titles due to man doth gaine.  
Who doth to name of <sup>a homo frugi</sup> frugall man attaine,  
One of the highest Titles due to man doth gaine.

And such indeed haue onely right fruition  
Of all such fruits, as God to man doth send;  
Who prudently here weighing their condition,  
Preserue the Substance, and the fruits do spend:

Who flockes and cartell diligently tend,  
Grasse, Vines and Corn that in the fields do grow,  
To them their lambes for clothing, Wooll will lend;  
From Goats and Kine great store of milke shal flow,  
To feed their houihold, and large gifts abroad bestow.

There is a Thrift in Substance, and in Grace;  
One temporall, the other spiruall:  
They that the one, without the other, tracce,  
Do neither of them find perpetuall:

God is of both the Cause effectuall;  
Apollo water, Paul may plant and sow,  
But God it is that worketh all in all:  
As all spirituall Thrift from him doth flow,  
So, by his blessing all in substance thriue and grow.

This

## O F T H R I F T.

3

This did the <sup>2</sup> *Churle* by good experience proue,  
 So long as he good *Jacob* could retaine,  
 He saw great blessings come from heau'n aboue,  
 And therefore sought him ay to entertaine:

<sup>2</sup> *Laban*

Whilst *Ioseph* with th' *Egyptian* doth remaine,  
 All prospers in his house, and in his field,  
 And in the prison he doth fauour gaine,  
 Because all well succeeds that he doth wield:  
 By heau'n's sweet influence the earth her fruits doth yeeld.

*Thrift* eldest daughter is of *Temperance*,  
 By *Prudence* nursed in her tender yeeres,  
 But when to riper yeeres she doth aduance,  
 A Standard vnder *Fortitude* she beares:

Shee, graced by these three most noble Peeres,  
 By their aduice directs her actions right,  
 By *Temperance* she feedes, and cloathing weares;  
 By *Prudence* store prouides with wise foresight;  
 By *Fortitude* 'gainst *Fortunes* blasts she stands vpright.

She moderateth all delights and pleasure,  
 Not that she vs forbids all sports or play,  
 But makes vs recreate our selues with measure,  
 That from our selues they take vs not away:

As he that moderates, vpon the way  
 His fiercer Steed, is said to vse him right;  
 Not he that let's him runne about and stray:  
 So onely he doth pleasures vse aright,  
 That serues not them, but makes them serue to his delight.

For she not onely is a *Moderation*  
 In meates, and what to clothing doth pertaine,  
 But she eke moderates our recreation,  
 Lest for it we do lose a greater gaine:

She doth too much of any thing refraine,  
 And cuts off all luxurious vaine expence.  
 If thou to thrift and riches wouldest attaine  
 Here, seeke not to increase and raise thy rents,  
 But moderate Desire, and vaine Concupiscke.

## O E T H R I F T.

I euer from Frugalitie exclude  
All sordid basenesse, want of aliment,  
She out of plenty alwaies doth seclude  
Some few things necessary for Content:

For to be frugall and magnificent,  
May both well in a prudent man combine,  
Else Thrift no daughter is of Temperment;  
I onely those for frugall men define,  
Who vse their store, but suffer it not to decline.  
I oft do find in some a simulation,  
Or ostentation of Frugality;  
When great men follow thrifte imitation  
Of those, which are of meaner qualitie:

And this may be too much Rusticitie,  
Be it in Diet, Vessells, Ornament;  
Best rule for Thrift in all, is Modestie:  
For where it meetes with one that's prouident,  
Hee's temp'rate, modest, frugall and magnificent.  
But the most deare and faithfull friend to Thrift,  
Is carefull Husbandry, and Providence:  
This is the thriving Virtue, which is graft  
On stocke of Labour, Care, and Diligence.

This brings in fewell to Magnificence,  
And like good huswife fetcheth food from farre.  
The thrifte handmaid of Beneficence,  
In Summer for the Winter taketh care;  
And, ere she builds, Materials doth abroad prepare.

Fye on the lazie Grasstopper, that sings  
All Summer, and in Winter sterues for cold.  
Unlike the frugall Pismire, which still brings  
In new prouision, ere she spend her old:

Like many youthfull Gallants, who their gold,  
In summer of their youth do sport away;  
But when their coyne is spent, and land is sold,  
Too late, find Ryot cause of their decay:  
But prudent Thrift foresees and shauunes such euill day.

By

## O F T H R I F T.

By ciuill Law, the madde and prodigall  
 Are interdicted the administration  
 Of their owne Goods; and haue Curators all,  
 To manage their estate in frugall fashion:  
 And so long must they both abide Curation;  
 The furious till he gets his wits againe,  
 The Prodigall, till he to emendation  
 Doth of his Manners and his Thrift attaine:  
 'Tis good for Common-wealth, none spend his state in vaine.

One, Thrift vnto the Temples doth compare  
 Amongst the Heathen, which most sure Asyle,  
 And Sanctuaries for all Debtors were:  
 Another likes a thrifty man, ere-while,  
 To ground wel compast, and wel till'd with toyle:  
 For as such lands grow soule by slothfulnesse,  
 But fruitfull, where the plough doth stir the soyle:  
 So men grow grosse and soule by Idlenesse,  
 But pure and healthfull by laborious Thriftinesse.

Heathen, such fruitfull frugall men compare  
 Vnto the gods, who had so little need,  
 Though they had all, that they it all could spare  
 To mortals, who did here their blessings need:

Farre otherwise 'tis with our rich-mens breed;  
 They nothing spare, but spend eu'n all and more,  
 Their Flesh and Lusts luxuriously to feed:  
 Thus they, in plenty swimming, are but poore,  
 When those that haue but little, yet haue greater store.

This their rich misery doth not proceed  
 From any fault, that is in outward store,  
 But from Lusts and Cupidities which breed  
 In Soule and Body, as I said before:

Like some in fits of Agues, who the more  
 Coole Beere they drink, the more they do desire,  
 Their drinking thirst increaseth: He therefore  
 Must purge the humours, cause of all this Fire,  
 Else drinke till he burst, he growes within the drier.

## C

## O F T H R I F T.

Me thinkes I rightly may this Thrift compare  
Vnto the seu'n tat Kine on Nylus shore,  
Or those seu'n goodly care's of Carne, which were  
To Egyp's Monarch signes of Thrift and store:

The blisted eare's, and Bullockes leane and poore,  
I liken vnto Prodigality:  
Who all the fruits deuowers vp, and more,  
That are prouided by Frugality:  
Thus she with her owne bowels feeds her enemy.

As when the Ayer suckes immoderatly  
Vp moysture from the ground, the clouds do fall  
From thence againe on Earth most lauishly:  
Eu'n so, when Misers here do licke vp all,

For to enrich their heyers therewithall,  
Soone as the long-expected day doth come  
Of their most welcome, tearelesse funerall,  
Their wealth all lauishly about doth run,  
Till their rich cloud be spent, and they be quite vndone.

It is most terrible, prodigious,  
To see an Earthquake, with dread violence,  
Swallow a Country, City, Towne, or House;  
Yet Prodigals, oft by profuse expence,

Do swallow Towers, Houses, Farms and Rents:  
Then they, saith one, them vomit vp againe,  
Not truly sell them; for they haue long since  
Them spent in drinking, lusts and pleasures vaine;  
They onely now are faint to spue them out for paine.

Many good precepts find I of the wise,  
Vs to instruct in true Frugality;  
But Dzuid doth the onely way aduise,  
In his most sweet diuinest Psalmody:

He shall haue plenty and prosperity,  
That feares the Lord, and scatters to the poore,  
His name be b'lesed to Posterity.  
He that d'sperseth shall haue greater store:  
For goods-disposer giues him all his wealth therefore;

Abels

## O F T H R I F T.

*Abel's first frugall man I of do reade,*  
*Who gaue the fairest firstlings of his Flockes,*  
*Because there was no poore that then had need,*  
*To him that gaue him all his store and stockes.*

*This gaue to Isaac great and castie Shockes,*  
*When in one yeere he reapt an hundred-fold:*  
*Jacob, that went out with a staffe, now stockes*  
*All Shechims country with his Herd and Fold:*  
*The land of Canaan scarce can all his substance hold.*

*The Heathen say, that heau'ny Providence*  
*To mortals here for labours Blessings sell:*  
*And therefore do require all diligence*  
*Of all, that would haue all things prosper well.*

*Of Abstinence and Continence some tell,*  
*That giue a man with little, much content;*  
*Which of anothers inch will make an ell,*  
*By whom nought lauishly on Lusts is spent,*  
*But onely needfull wants of Nature to content.*

*Fabrixius thus with little, doth despise*  
*Great Princes presents, and the gifts of Kings:*  
*His Flocks him cloath, his Farmes with food suffise.*  
*Seranus is his plough a-tollowing,*

*When as the Senate comes, him newes to bring,*  
*That they him their Dictator had elected.*  
*Braue Curius, who, for Empires managing,*  
*Was after of all Consuls most respected,*  
*Dwelt in a country-Cottage all alone neglected.*

*More royal's sure Content in Poverty,*  
*In little homely Borges, which can defend*  
*Vs from Sannes heate, and Ayers iniury,*  
*Then glistring Towers, where they waste & spend*

*In pompe and luxury, what God doth lend:*  
*There, costly Dainties oft with poyson wound:*  
*Here, without cost, the earth sound Gates doth send:*  
*There, golden Vessels, purple Beds are found:*  
*Here, all the flowry bankes do rest and quiet sound.*

When *Alexander*, in a little Tunne,  
 Saw a great Tenant with content of mind,  
 The *Cynicke*, Lo, saith he, that here doth wun  
 More rest, than I in all the world can find:

I couet all, he nothing lesse doth mind.

They surely haue more pleasure, and lesse paine,  
 Who are with little vnto Thrift inclin'd,  
 Than they that seeke a world of wealth to gaine,  
 That they may more indulge to ease and pleasure vaine.

One praiseth *hunger*, as best sawce to meat,  
 Because it cost him least, yet sauour'd best,  
 And alwaies with delight did drinke and eate,  
 Because he ne're did without hunger feast.

Some onely liue to eate, drinke and digest,  
 But we ought onely eate and drinke to liue;  
 To liue to feed, is to be like a beast:  
 Who would in reason more, than sense, be thriue,  
 To body needfull things, to Soule must plenty giue.

*Xantippe's* said once *Socrates* too blame,  
 For that he often made an inuitation  
 Of greatest friends; yet's fare was still the same,  
 Auoyding alwaies costly preparation:

Soone he replide thus to her allegation:  
 If, as they seeme, they be our friends indeed,  
 They will respect our Thrift; but if for fashion  
 They make a shew: let's to our selues take heed,  
 And not spend our estate, them daintily to feed.

These patternes are of frugall abstinence,  
 Which, as you see, the Heathen eu'n adore;  
 Now see the holy fathers prouidence  
 To raise themselues to plenty being poore:

Noe, *Abraham*, *Booz*, and a thousand more,  
 Liue vpon Tillage, Grazing, Husbandry,  
 And tend their flockes, corne, cattell, grasse, and store:  
 Yea, Kings did hereunto themselues apply,  
 To ioyne Magnificencie with this Frugality.

## OF THRIFT.

Ea'n after Saul anoynted is a King,  
He followeth the Cattell from the field,  
And they that death to Ihsboseth did bring,  
Came to buy Corne; it seemes he Tillage held.

None e're did so magnificently weld  
A Scepter, as did royall Salomon,  
To which his Thrift such wondrous store did yeeld:  
To his sheepe-shearing sprucest Absolon,  
Inuited eu'n princely David, and his eldest sonne.

See how great Princes, and the sonnes of Kings  
Are not ashamed of Frugality.

Priests liu'd indeed of Tythes and Offerings,  
And therefore lookt most to Gods husbandry:

Paul had a trade, although a Pharisie;  
And though he to th'Apostleship attaine,  
Yet workes he in his Trade and Mysterie,  
His liuing with his labour here to gaine,      (taine.  
Nor will he charge the Church, though bound, him to main-  
Th'Apostles all were Fishermen, and gain'd  
Their liuing, by induring wet and cold:  
Diuines thinke, Joseph blessed Jesus train'd  
In his owne Trade, till he thrise ten yeeres told.

I could be yet three times as manifold,  
This Vertue with examples to commend,  
But I had rather be a little bold,  
And you perswade her practice to intend;  
One's for her praise, but this is counsell for a friend:

Oh what a happineſſe it is to liue,  
And do much good, without offence, to all!  
To eate ſecure thoſe cates our ground doth giue,  
To lie ſo low, one can no lower fall,

Yet haue eu'n there Content imperiall:  
No wickedneſſe can enter ſuch a Cell,  
Highest delights, that can a Prince befall,  
This priuate Cottage may affoord as well,  
Where care not halfe their ſorrowes vnto thee will tell.

To

To many, *Rift* from meane to great estate,  
Is not an end, but *change* of *Misery*:

The fault is in the *Mind*, (not in the *Fate*;

Which is the same in wealth and poverty:

Who onely mind *change* and *variety*,

Liue ill, because they still begin to liue:

They rightly here inioy prosperity,

That so much pleasure to their Bodies giue,

As they not for, but in the Body sought to liue.

Happy is he, who never saw that one

With whom he would exchange his meane estate;

Most miserable, who to that are come,

They things, which were superfluous of late,

Haue now made necessary to their state:

Such are eu'n slaves, not masters of their pleasure;

They loue their ills, which is the hardest fate.

Alas! there is no remedie nor measure

Of Vices, when as men esteeme them as a treasure.

No good befals a man vnder the Sunne,

The which his mind is not prepar'd to lose:

No lesse more easie is to any one,

Than of the things he hath no need to vse:

He's never poore, who Natures rules doth chuse;

Nor rich, that liueth by *Opinion*:

Natures desires be finite; boundlesse those,

That false *Opinion* depend vpon,

Loathing no Sallet: Hunger likes an Onion.

Sure he is best, to whom with sparing hand,

God giues sufficient, let him wish no more:

In need of things superfluous to stand,

Is miserable want, in greatest store.

Excesse oppresseth many, who before

With little could haue liu'd and beene content:

These, though they haue enough, yet stil be poore,

Because they first beyond their compasse went:

This cuill prudent Thrif betimes seeke to preuent.

Who

## O F T H R I F T.

II.

Who is not made in Husbandry to sweat,  
 May sweat in Arts or Lawes politicall;  
 'Tis fit all earne their bread, before they eate:  
 Nothing is more expensiuē, prodigall,  
 Than to haue nothing here to doe at all:

*Want of employment, Ease, and Idlenesse,*  
 Haue caus'd more noble Houses here to fall,  
 Than Fortunes blasts, or Ennies bitterness.  
 Let him not liue to spend, that nothing doth professe.

Then let him never liue, that doth professe  
 What's worse than nothing, basēt Vskry:  
 Herein is certaine profit, I confessie,  
 But alwaies with anothers misery:

Is this the vertue of Frugality?  
 By others losses to increase our store?  
 Then so is rapine, theft, and robbery,  
 Selling of Justice, which oft bring in more,  
 Than all the frugall Trades I named haue before.

Since Nature with so little is content,  
 Who here would vse vnlawfull Arts for gaine?  
 We are but Stewards here of what is sent,  
 If we our Talents vse aright to gaine,

We twice as many shall of God obtaine:  
 But if to hide them in the earth we chuse,  
 Or spend them on our Lusts and Pleasures vaine,  
 They shall be tane from vs, who them abuse,  
 And giu'n to such as shall them to Gods glory vse.

But I so worldly Thrift haue followed,  
 That I forgotten haue to thriue in Grace,  
 And as it in the world is practised,  
 Must put her off vnto the second place:

For I so neere haue finished my race,  
 I must deferre this to another time:  
 God grant we may them both aright imbrace.  
 Now, like good husbands, knocke we off betime,  
 And be at worke to morrow in the mornings prime.

12

## Of Gods Prouidence.

**B**ehold ! how Birds for morrow take no care;  
Secure, God will due food for them prepare:  
Can woorthlesse Birds be confidant of meate?  
And is a farthing-Sparrowes Faith so great,  
She knowes, but by Gods will, she cannot fall?  
And shall Gods sonnes, Christs images, once call  
In doubt their Makers will, to do then good?  
No sure: who lends them life, will giue them food.

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## M E D I T A T I O N . 2.

### Of Prouidence.

**T**he frugall Husband, which I erst describ'd,  
So soone as *Titan* with his glistering Beastes,  
Begilds the locks of stately Pines, which hide  
The tops of Mountaines from his hotter gleames;  
Walkes foorth amongst his *cattell, flocks & teames*,  
His Land to open to Sunnes mellowing heate,  
And feed his Herds along the siluer streames,  
To drinke and bathe, when they their fil haue eate,  
That fat they him may feed, that now prouides them meate:  
  
Thus *early rising*; as the Proverbe sayes,  
Brings *Thrift* in body, in estate, and mind;  
The *early riser* spends in health his dayes,  
And by his diligence doth plenty find;  
And in the morning better is inclin'd  
To Prayer, and diuinest Meditation:  
Thus, in a three-fold Cord, he *Thrift* doth wind;  
He driueth *Sloth* farre from his habitation,  
His Soule in Grace, his Body thrives by recreation.

Fo:

## OF PROVIDENCE.

13

For these respects the Husbands country life  
Transcends the Citie trades mechanicall,  
Or shewes at Court, where reigne Ambition strife,  
Or Merchants which on hazzard stand or fall:

For though *Tbriſt in estate* these oft befall;  
*And Tbriſt in Grace*, in many there we finde;  
Yet scarce a strong sound Body 'mongſt them all;  
They want pure aire whereby the bloud's refinde  
And wholesome exercise to contry life affign'd.

Well as I could, I rich *Frugality*  
Did late, as her beſeemed well, array:  
I next describe foure of her company,  
Which alwayes with this *tbriftry vertue* stay:

The firſt two well I name the daughters may  
Of *Prudence, Providence, and Diligence*,  
Next two themſelues from *Temperance conuay*,  
*Tbriſis Sisters, Abſtinenſe and Continence*:  
Of theſe foure I would ſing, and firſt of *Providence*.  
Oh! thou by whose moſt pow'rfull onely word,  
*All was of nothing made and finished*,  
And of this *All*, mad'ſt man the little Lord,  
That by hi m *All* might well be ordered:

Who bayers of our bead haſt numbred,  
Nor leteſt the leaſt Sparrow fall to ground,  
But as thou haſt before determined,  
Make heauenly Wisedome in mine heart abound,  
That I may make, not drowne, in *Providence* profound.  
There is *Divine and humane Providence*,  
*Divine* is infinite, vnlimited  
*Transcending Reason, more than Reason Sense*,  
And may to glorious *Sunne* be likened:

The Stars who thence their light haue borrowed,  
Doth *humane Providence* reſemble right,  
Which by *divine* is aye enlightened,  
And though like Starres it oft appeareth bright,  
Yet when the beaſtly shines, it is obscured quite:

B

Then

## OF PROVIDENCE.

Then pardon, Reader, if my Muses eye  
 Dazeled with glory great, and splendour bright  
 Of Prouidence divine, heere to delcry  
 Vnable is the darke obscured light

Of humane; as indeed I ought by right:  
 When I come to her Sister Diligence,  
 I may recover well againe my sight,  
 My Muse now rapt with beau'ny Prouidence  
 Can not descend to highest humanc excellency.

But that I may describe her as a Grace,  
 And linke her in the vertues golden Chaine,  
 Ther th' Almights Scepter call or Mace  
 Which doth all Peace and Order heere maintaine:

The bounteous hand, which al things doth sustaine,  
 Whose eyes for nourishment vp to her looke,  
 Who iust's rewards, and eke the wicked's Paine  
 Deth register for euer in a booke:  
 Thus, as Gods Truth and Lowe, the fer a grace is tooke.

Thus one eternall powrefull Prouidence  
 Heere gouernes all things being by Creation:  
 The necessary Agents, wanting sense,  
 Receiue their motion by her ordination:

The voluntary by her moderation  
 Are aye dispos'd, and rul'd by their owne will,  
 Which will she vseth as a Mediation;  
 No man against his will doth good or ill,  
 Though without Grace we of our selues no good can will.

Sure Adam in pure innocence was free  
 To eate the fruit forbidden, or abstaine:  
 Else iustly how could he condemned be,  
 Except he had a power to refraine?

But since that guilt original did staine,  
 With him, all imps which from that stock proceed,  
 We still retaine freewill, none dares gainelaine,  
 But it is onely vnto evill deed,  
 Grace onely by New birth a will to good doth breed.

## OF PROVIDENCE.

Schooles may dispute ; the Truth is plainly this :  
*As we are men, we power haue to will,*  
*As men corrupt, we alwayes will amisse,*  
*As borne againe, to good we haue a will.*

Thus Nature Freewill giues, Sime bends to ill ;  
*Grace vnto Good : But now I seeme to stray*  
*From Prouidence divine, to mans freewill,*  
*But this as needfull shew I by the way,*  
*How Prouidence doth voluntary agents sway.*

Her Nature yet more plaine to vnderstand,  
*We must conceiue the worlds great Marischall,*  
*As he made all things by his mighty hand,*  
*So he for euer them disposeth all.*

By Prouidence ; not onely generall,  
*By which the Spheres in their due motions ride,*  
*And Summer and the winter seasons fall,*  
*But as he by his speciall doth guide*  
*And orders euery thing, that doth on earth betide.*

And this we call divine Necesitie,  
*Free from Coaction, which doth all dispose*  
*To proper ends, yet with free liberty*  
*Of Will, the things we doe to leaue or choose:*

Thus in respect of God, that future knowes  
*As present, all effects are necessary,*  
*And, in respect of second causes those,*  
*To vs contingent are : Last voluntary,*  
*As they respect mans will, and motion arbitrary.*

God wonders sees in Moses weeping face,  
*When Pharao's Daughter him in Arke doth finde,*  
*As she by chance, did wash her in that place,*  
*And's mother for his nurse, by chance assign'd ;*

And when to leaue the Court hee was inclin'd,  
*His Brethrens quell bondages to see,*  
*He went forth with a free and willing mind ;*  
*Lo thus in this example all the three,*  
*Divine foresight, man's will, and Chance in one agree :*

And therefore when of *Fortune* you do reade,  
 With reference to man it vnderstand,  
 Who most to the *euent* of things take heed,  
 Not to the *Cause*, Gods most Almighty hand :

Else *Chance* and *Prudence* can neuer stand  
 Together in th' *Almighty's* gouernment ;  
 Who being *Cause* of all he doth command,  
 Them orders all vnto a sure *euent*,  
 Though farre aboue mans limited intendement.

Of things indeed which seeme by chance to be,  
 The *Order*, *Cause*, *Necessity* and *end*  
 Are hid, in Gods close *Counsell* and *Decree* :  
 We onely able are to apprehend

By the *euent*, how God doth them intend :  
 Thus Clerk's a threefold working doe obserue  
 Of *Prudence*; which far their reach transcend,  
 And yet they all to one same end doe serue,  
 To shew Gods glory, and his creatures to preserue.

Thus *meanes* and *second causes* she doth vse,  
 Oft workes without, by *power immediate*,  
 And oft to worke against *meanes* she doth chuse :  
 Two last men call *Necessity* or *Fate*,

Because the *Cause* they can not calculate :  
 (Oh richest Wisedome, Knowledge without bound  
 Of the Almighty ! without time, or Date,  
 Thy Judgements no man able is to sound,  
 Beyond all mens conceit, thy counsels are profound.)

Like this is that *Philosophers* assigne  
 To *Counsell*, *Nature*, *Chance* and *Prudence* ;  
 By *Counsell*, they meant *Will* and *Reasons* line ;  
 By *Nature*, force of heau'nly influence ;  
 By *Chance*, when they below beheld *euencts*,  
 But not their *Cause*: Last when some *Grace* did fall  
 Past *Natures*, *Chance*, and *Counsels* evidence,  
 That *Speciall Providence* divine they call,  
 Not but they vnderstood she had her *hand* in all.

## OF PROVIDENCE.

17

Sweet fruit of Providence to be perswaded,  
 That all below is ordered by Gods hand,  
 Nothing by Chance: Thus when we are inuaded  
 By Foes, Death, Hell, we most vndanted stand:  
 We, God prime cause of all things vnderstand,  
 Respecting yet inferiour in their place,  
 Which always wait vpon the first's command,  
 And all are to the glory of his grace,  
 Whereby God his elect doth aye in loue embrace.

Oh what inestimable quietnesse!  
 From hence ariseth to a godly minde,  
 Though euils without number him oppresse,  
 Which like so many Deaths he then doth finde,  
 Knowing not how his wretched selfe to winde  
 From Cruelty, which him fast followeth,  
 And doth so fast with cords and feters bïnde,  
 That eu'ry minute threateneth his Death;  
 And scarcely suffers him to draw his languid breath.

Yet if this Light of heau'ny Providence  
 Shines to his Soule; then all Anxiety,  
 Feare, Care, Distrust, are banisht quite frō thence,  
 And he releu'd in all extremity:  
 Then knowes he that one gracious Maiesty,  
 Heere by his power so directeth all,  
 By wisedome rules, and by his Bonity  
 Disposeth so, that nothing euer shall,  
 But for Gods glory and his owne good him befall.

To fleshes obloquy, some giuing way,  
 Confesse the highest Powers gouerne all,  
 But that with mortals heere they vse to play,  
 As we at hazzard tosse a Tennis-ball:

Some all would haue by Chance and Fortune fall;  
 Some others grant that God doth all incline,  
 But that mans wit, and will must worke withall,  
 These men with God in gouernment, doe ioyne  
 And his most constant purpose to mans will confine,

## OF PROVIDENCE.

Some, to excuse God, grant that Power diuine  
 Permitteth euill, but not with his will,  
 And suffreth Satan heere to blind the eyne  
 Of Reprobates; but no wayes ill doth will,

But sure God willingly permitteth ill,  
 Since by his power he goodnesse able is,  
 To draw from ill, his purpose to fulfill;  
 For thus did Pharaoh wilfully amisse,  
 Yet God turnes all to's glory, and his chosens blisse;

As Sunnes pure beames exhale from filthy Oose  
 Foule vapours, which no whit the Sunne defile,  
 So doth Gods Providence of ill dispose,  
 Yet of no euill he partakes the while:

And as not in Sunnes Beames, but in the soyle,  
 The matter of the vapour doth consist,  
 So in mans heart is Bitternesse and bile,  
 And not in God, who euill doth resist,  
 Or turnes such euill into Goodnesse, as he list.

Thus Kings, Priests, Rulers, Elders all combin'd  
 Against the Lord, and his anointed Sonne:  
 And Pilate, Herod, Iewes and Gentiles ioynd,  
 To doe what God decreed to be done:

But they ment wickedly eu'n euery one,  
 The people a vaine thing imagined,  
 To crucifie the Lord of Life they runne,  
 But God, we see, thereby hath quickened  
 The members all, whereof he is the glorious head.

As when we see faire Phœbus gentle beames,  
 United in a burning glasse, enflame,  
 We vse not to accuse Sunnes gracious gleames,  
 For such offence, but Burning glasse doe blame,

Wherin, without the Sunne, 's nor heat nor flame.  
 So when we see the wicked man abuse  
 The fairest gifts of Nature to his shame;  
 The Author of them we must not accuse,  
 But wilfull man, that doth them heere ynduly vse:

Good,

## OF PROVIDENCE.

19

Good, Powerfull, Wise, Dispenser of all things !

So wise thou all Disorders ordrest right,

So good thy Goodnes good from euill brings,

So pow'rfull all subsist vpon thy might;

How should an ignorant, weake, wicked wight,

Conceiue thy Wisedome, Power, and Providence?

Much lesse by Simile it more inlight,

It farre surpasseth mine intelligence:

Things knowne I doe admire, the rest I reuerence.

But I by Prouidence divine am led

To passe the bounds of frugall meditation;

Pardon, great Clarkes, that I haue meddled

To taste a mysterie, by Contemplation,

Worthy your argument, and disputation:

I was desirous to resolute my minde

In this high point of heau'ly moderation,

Wherein most wondrous comfort I doe find,

To see how things on earth are first in heau'n design'd.

Who can suppose this world so perfect, rare,

Not gouern'd by one pow'rfull prouidence?

Since all which without moderatours are,

Consisting of the foure first elements,

Can not continue; Hous-es, Tenements,

Without a tenant, ruine and decay:

Vnpruned Vines doe loose their excellency,

Mans Body failes, when soule doth passe away;

So wouldest this Vniuersc, should God forbear a day.

As members of a man aright do moue

First by his vnderstanding and his will,

So doth this Vniuersc by God aboue,

And all concord his pleasure to fulfill :

Who duely wait on Prouidence, he will

Make happy heere, and blessed euermore :

Not that he doth the carelesse idle fill

With blessings temporall, or heau'ly store.

Who will not row on Sea, shall never come a-shore.

## OF PROVIDENCE.

It is a dangerous and impious thing,  
Thus to dispute with Prouidence diuine,  
Mine arme nor good, nor bad, to passe can bring,  
All's done by the Almighties firme designe :

The written Word must be our square and line,  
Gods secret purpose, and revealed Will  
Confound not by a vaine conceit of thine:  
Thus *Theeues* may, blamelesse, true men rob and kill,  
And say they but Gods secret purposes fulfill.

For Prouidence doth not vs mortals tend,  
As mothers infants newly brought to light,  
Which haue no strength themselues then to defend  
Gainst ayers iniurie, or forreine might:

But as the Father that his Sonne hath dight  
With strength, and weapons gainst his enemies,  
Directeth him to order them aright,  
And to defend himselfe from iniurie,

*Religion* neuer negligent and idle lyes.

They that are godly and religious,  
With Prouidence sweet Diligence do ioyne,  
God that without our selues hath fashion'd vs,  
Without thy selfe saues neither thee nor thine:

And therefore prudent men prouide in time,  
Against all future want that happen may ;  
When therefore we for morrow do designe  
Things necessary ; none can iustly say,  
Or iudge vs too much carefull, for the following day.

The Lord of all did needfull things prouide,  
Therefore the bagge false *Iudas* carried,  
The Loaues and Fishes which he did diuide  
Amongst fife thousand which him followed,

Th' Apostles carri'd for their dayly bread:  
*Paul* temp'rall *Almes* prouideth for his Nation,  
Whete he the spirituall had published :  
*Joseph* from *Nile* comes to make preparation,  
To sauue aliue old *Jacob* and his generation.

## OF PROVIDENCE.

Of these learne to preuide things necessary :  
 Of Beasts to shunne and to auoid all ill ;  
 Who neere things hurtfull to them do not tarry,  
 Nor nigh vnto those places trauell will,

Where they into a Ditch haue lately fill ;  
 The Bird escapt, eschewes the Fowlers gin,  
 Nor will be tempted more with all his skill :  
 The fish that finds the hooke the bait within,  
 Thence to prouide against such danger doth begin.

Things past, for future, are sound documents,  
 He that is wise, the euill doth foresee,  
 And hides himselfe from many nocuments,  
 Which can not by the foole auoided be :

Most admirable, vertuous, wise is he,  
 That things foreseeing wisely can prouide,  
 Nothing on earth without a cause we see,  
 Though them the highest wisdom so doth hide  
 They can not by our feeble reason be desriде.

The World may be compared to a Stage,  
 We mortals to spectators, they that stay  
 Without to see her antique equipage ;  
 Doe truly as they ought behold the play :

The curious that about the Stage do stray,  
 And pry into the secret trying roome,  
 Are by Stage-keepers often driv'n away :  
 All must not into Natures secrets come,  
 Although she many Mysterie reueale to some.

How dares proud man inquire so curiously  
 Of Gods hid counsels, and his secret will ?  
 The Bethshemites into the Arke did pry,  
 And God with sudden vengeance them doth kill.

Prouide thee good things, and auoid the ill,  
 So maist thou many liue, and happy dayes,  
 Presume not to be wise aboue thy skill,  
 By Gods revealed will guide all thy wayes,  
 His secret Counsels search not, but admire and praise.

## OF PROVIDENCE.

And yet because God all doth here dispose,  
Thou like a senslesse Idol must not stand:  
God gaue thee not for nought, eares, eyes, hands, nose,  
A will to do, a wit to vnderstand:

Employ these alwayes by his iust command,  
The whole successse leauue to his Providence,  
Acknowlede all good blessings from his hand,  
And labour, with all care and diligence,  
To thriue in Goodnesse, Grace, and all Intelligence.

But aboue all from murmuring refraine,  
Or magnifying fleshes arme or might:  
So axe may boast, that it along hath laine  
The Cedars; and the Plane may claime, as right,  
That by it's worke thy roofe so faire was dight:  
So may the rod of Moses bragge and boast,  
It all the Wonders did in Pharaobs fight;  
The Asses law-bone, that it slue an host;  
But most the house, when Samson pulled downe the post.

On whom we ought to cast eu'n all our care,  
To him we must ascribe the Praise of all:  
In his hand both our Soules and Bodies are,  
By Power of his Breath we stand and fall;

From him all was, is now, and euer shall:  
Of all the things done vnderneath the Sunne,  
The <sup>a</sup> wiser man sought a reason naturall,  
But was as blind, as when he first begunne,  
Though first he thought he could discouer any one.

Gods counsels shall for euermore indure,  
His thoughts stand firme in eu'ry generation;  
Our hearts he fashions, and conceiueth sure,  
Our workes and secretest imagination:

Who to the Rau'ns giues food and sustentation,  
So gouernes all, they nothing here shall need,  
That wait on him with patient expectation:  
With temporall and heau'nly he doth feed  
All those, that craue aright of him spirituall seed.

Eccl.8.17

In

## OF PROVIDENCE.

19

In number, measure, weight, he doth dispose  
 Of all things; He preserues both man and beast:  
 When care and paines may saue thee from thy foes,  
 Vse diligence, to God commit the rest:

And when thou art so mightily distrest,  
 Thou canst no helpe in arme of flesh behold,  
 Vpon his prouidence that made thee, rest;  
 That in thy mothers wombe thy members told,  
 And in his Booke hath eu'ry one of them inrold.

Good counsell gaue that Heauen, Hauē a care  
 Vnto thy selfe; most of thy selfe take heed :  
 He meant, Lusts and Corruptions which are  
 Within vs; which to vs most danger breed:

With others we deale warily indeed,  
 Lest they deceiue vs by their subtily,  
 But our owne vile affections little heed,  
 Although we haue no greater enemy;  
 Thus we escape Gaths sword, and on our owne do dis.

The Iewes may with their Oratour conspire  
 Pauls ruine; nothing shall to him befall,  
 But to aduance his Crowne, and Gospell hier :  
 So as his bonds in Cæsars Iudgement hall,

Are manifest and famous 'mongst them all :  
 To the Elect, and those that truly loue,  
 Nothing but for the best shall euer fall :  
 This by examples thousand I could proue,  
 Happy who finds it written in his heart by loue.

The Lyons want and hunger may endure;  
 Who seekes the Lord, wants nothing that is good,  
 The Angel of the Lord him keepes secure,  
 From his owne lusts hel's fury, wickeds mood.

This of the weakest may be vnderstood.  
 If ought here passeth thine intelligence,  
 Sucke thou the milke, and leaue the stronger food.  
 Here ends my song of heau'ny Prouidence,  
 Next, followes her attendant humane Diligence.

## MEDITATION. 3.

## Of Diligence.

**W**ho, with a prudent heart, and godly minde,  
 Wilt take a view how things are wrought below,  
 In all effects shall good and euill find,  
 As cause is good or ill, from whence they flow ;  
 Thus God first cause of all thy actions know,  
 As they be good; thy selfe as they be ill;  
 Which doth Gods pow'r and goodnessse greater shew,  
 In vsing heere mans vile corrupted will,  
 As second cause his sound, good purpose to fulfill.  
 All euill then comes from mans vicious will,  
 Not moou'd thereto by meere necessity,  
 As senselesse Agents are to good or ill,  
 But giues consent thereto most willingly :  
 By Natures Light we good from ill descry,  
 But this vs onely leaues without excuse,  
 When seeing better we the worl' doe try,  
 And thus God of mans malice makes good vse,  
 And he is iustly punished for his abuse.  
 Oh mans peruersenesse ! grant him least freewill,  
 And he becomes vaine, proud and insolent:  
 Deny him any power to doe or will,  
 And he growes lazy, slothfull, negligent :  
 First kinde are meritorious, impudent,  
 And merit for themselues and others will,  
 The other Epicure-like, take content  
 In pleasure, eating, drinking of their fill,  
 Or in an idle, melancholique sitting still.

But

## OF DILIGENCE.

25

But Diligence, the Grace I next propound,  
 For this last euill is best remedy,  
 This Viper which most dang'rously doth wound  
 Our soules with senselesse spirituall Lethargy,

And brings too aspish-lazy Accidy :  
 Most perilous, because we feele least harme.  
 Oh, this is Satans subtillest Lullaby,  
 Our soules with stupid laziness to charme,  
 And then of spirituall armes and weapons to disarme,  
 Thou that hast promis'd endlesse happiness,  
 To all which at thy comming thou dost find  
 Intent vnto their Masters busynesse,  
 And diligent in body and in minde,

Make all my Soules and Bodies powr's inclind  
 To Diligence, whilst I her praises write,  
 Vnloose the chaines, the fetters strong vnbond  
 Of Sloth and Dulnessse, which, to blackest night  
 Leade blindfold, drowsie soules that take therein delight.

Vigilance, Industry, and Diligence  
 So like indeed one to another are,  
 My plainer Muse scarce sees a difference,  
 And therefore all will but as one declare ;

Our soules and bodies powers they prepare,  
 In eu'ry noble Vertue to transcend,  
 Nothing on earth that's admirable rare,  
 Without these can be brought to perfect end,  
 On these do honest care and labour aye attend.

For godly, iust and necessary cares  
 Are parts substantiall of Diligence,  
 And as she for the future thus prepares,  
 Hauing to Truth and Justice reference,

She is a Grace of wondrous excellency :  
 But if she spring from Envy, emulation,  
 Ambition, Feare, or other base pretence,  
 She is a curious base abomination,  
 The basie vice that author is of desolation.

Industry

Industry best agreeeth to the mind,  
In which she frames a quicke Dexterity,  
In Arts and Sciences the right to find,  
And they that know her wondrous energy,  
    In Phisick, Law, and in Divinity,  
Know, that she tends the neerest to perfection,  
And is to humane imbecillity  
Most sound defence, secure, and safe protection,  
Gainst Satans Malice, their owne Lusts, & worlds infection.

We well Dame Nature may the Mother name  
Of noble Industry and Diligence,  
Yet oft we see their wondrous force doth tame  
Things against Nature, without violence;

All other Vertues glorious excellency,  
Which we in Heroes iustly do admire,  
Haue their Beginning and Perfection thence:  
Where Industry and Diligence conspire,  
Wants nothing that we can in mortall man desire.

For as she many euill things amends,  
So is she of all good the consummation,  
Most dissolute base manners she commends  
Soone, vnto honest thrifte reformation.

An infirme body by exercitation,  
And Diligence, becommeth strong and sound:  
She frees old-Age from gricuous molestation  
Of painefull sharpe Diseases that abound.  
Fields of the diligent are fruitfull euer found.

For by this Diligence all well succeed,  
No idle hower on her head doth shine,  
She her best howers spends with prudent heed,  
And all her busynesse aright doth line,

    She finds to all things an appointed time,  
Except it be for Slouth and Idlenessse.  
If idle words besyndged such a crime,  
Much more the losse of times high preciousnesse,  
Which cannot be regain'd with cost and carefulnesse.

Where-

## OF DILIGENCE.

23

Wherefore good fathers of a Family,  
First rise, and latest go to bed at night:  
And those that loue the Muses company,  
Do vse their eyes to read by Candle-light.

*Artificer, good Husband, Merchant, Knight,  
And Magistrate, this Vertue doth defend.  
Nothing so difficult, but by the might  
Of Diligence, is conquer'd in the end.  
Therefore in all affaires she is our surest friend.*

But none more enemies than Negligence,  
*Slouth, Dulnesse, Carelesnesse, and Idlenesse,*  
Impurest mire of foule Concupisience,  
The forge of Lust, and draught of filthinesse;

*Whence come all Vices, Sinne and Wickednes,  
Which turne men into Beasts, like Sirens charmes.  
Oh Slouth! the nurse and mother of excesse,  
Like Statue standing still with folded armes,  
And neuer moues to good, for feare of future harmes.*

Vnnecessary Burthen on the ground,  
Who when he hath consumed all his owne,  
Deuoures his friends, and then a theefe is found,  
More false, yea, than a begger bolder growne;

*For though the beggers-bodies hands are sown,  
And's mind is all on slouth and idlenesse,  
Yet often in his mouth Gods Name is knowne:  
But God all honesty and shamefastnesse,  
He loathes that is possest of slouth and sluggishnesse.*

A Sluggard is vnto himselfe, and all  
A most pernicious wicked enemy,  
By Slouth his mind and body soone do fall  
To sicknesses, and all impurity:

*He is the bane to all good company,  
The stinking Sepulchre of one aliue,  
Shadowes of men! Tunnes of Iniquity,  
Whose soules base ease, of Reason doth deprive,  
Whilst, as a Swine with Mast,their bodies fat and thriue.*

We

## OF DILIGENCE.

We *Sloth*, like *Lazy Asse*, at home do finde:  
 But listen out, you lowd shall heare him bray,  
 Just like a coward dogge of currish kinde,  
 That doth at hamelesse Pilgrims barke and bay;

But comes a *Wolfe*, for feare he runnes away:  
 Like fearefull *Hart*, when as he comes to fight,  
 But as a *Lyon* greedy of the prey;  
 All day asleepe, but in the dead of night,  
 He woorrieth the fould, for hunger and despight.

Oh *Diligence*! perfection of all,  
 When as thou dost with *truth* and *virtue* dwell,  
 But if to *Vice* and *error* thou doe fall,  
 Thou passest *Haggs* and *Furies* all of Hell;

*Hels* waking *Cerberus* is not so fell,  
 As popish priests, who compasse Sea and Land,  
 Into *Cymmerian* darknesse to compell.  
 Those that in Sun-shine of the Gospel stand:  
 Thus *diligently* they obey their Lords command.

Oh would we be for *Truth* as diligent,  
 As they for *errours* and *traditions* vaine!  
 But I haue too much of my hower spent,  
 Against the *Vice*, the *Virtue* to maintaine.

To *Diligence* I now returne againe,  
 Which like heau'ns glorious *Sun* doth never rest,  
 But like a gyant runnes his Course amaine,  
 Vntill she of the garland be possest.  
 This life's no *mansion*, but a way to heau'nly rest.

In heau'n are many *Mansions*, heere we stay  
 Onely to finish that for which we come,  
 If trewantlike we spend our time in play,  
 And be with *drinke*, or sleeping ouercome:

Oh! when our *fatal* hower glasse is runne,  
 And we are call'd to render our account,  
 Of good and euill in the body done;  
 Our *debts*, alas! will all our wealth surmount,  
 And our *Omissions* more than numbers vp can count.

This

## OF DILIGENCE.

This Diligence is like one in a Myne,  
That digges much earth a little gold to find;  
Like Silkworme, who her flendrest silken twine,  
By Diligence doth on a bottome wind:

Like husbandman, who little sheaues doth bind,  
Wherewith he fils his Barnes and Garners full:  
Like little stones by Morter fast combin'd,  
Raisd to a Temple large and beautifull:  
Like mighty hostes which Dukes of single men do cull,  
Some by a night Owle, and a Dragons eyes,  
This vertue Diligence haue figured,  
And therefore Poets Fables do devise,  
The Golden-fleece so highly valued,

Kept by a Dragons diligence and heed:  
The Golden-fleece, the Kingdomes Peace I call:  
The Dragon, him by whom all's ordered:  
For on whose shoulders such a charge doth fall,  
He must be vigilant, and diligent in all.

This Vertue is indeed most soueraigne,  
In highest Rulers which the Publique sway,  
Who are set ouer vs for our owne gaine,  
If them as Gods Vicegerents we obey:

They keepe continuall watch both night & day  
For all our goods, so they be diligent:  
God grant such Rulers euer governe may  
His little Fold within this Iland pent,  
To ioy of all our friends, and foes astonishment:

The Latines, Diligence deriue from Loue:  
For he that loueth, doth eu'n all fulfill,  
Yea nothing hard or difficult doth proue  
To him, that knowes 'tis his beloueds will;

Whose hearts this glorious Grace of Loue doth fil,  
They here despise all losses, griefe, and paine:  
Let heau'ly loue into mine heart distill,  
I worlds discouragements will all disdaine:  
For Diligence on earth, I loue in heau'n shall gaine.

This loue in Davids heart doth so abound,  
It from his eyes and eye-lids did expell the burning  
All sleepe, till he a resting place had found,  
Wherin the Lord of life might alwaies dwell.

This made the Mount of Sion so excell,  
That it the glory of the earth became.  
This diligence makes all to prosper well,  
Though but a spark of Loues celestiall flame,  
It gaines vs loue in heau'n, on earth eternall fame.

Oh blessed Paul! had I thy eloquence,  
Thy indefatigable paines to sound,  
Thy wondrous trauell, care, and diligence,  
Thy Masters will to know, do, and propound.

How many Sees of Bishops didst thou found?  
How didst thou preach by day, and work by night?  
How diligently Heretickes confound?  
And eu'n in Hels, Worlds, Tyrantis, Lewes despight,  
By Diligence declare the power of Loues might.

Should I the Fathers liues trace to the Floud,  
And into Egypt, follow them from thence;  
From thence, through wildernesse to their abode,  
By Jordans bankes, in Houses, Cities, Tents,

They all are Maps to vs of Diligence:  
From Genesis vnto the Reuelation,  
Their Pilgrimages all haue reference,  
To new <sup>a</sup> Ierusalem, Saints habitation:      \* Reu.21.10  
And we all stoners, and Builders on that one foundation.

As God, so we must worke before we rest,  
We may not cease till all be finished:  
In heau'n we shall enjoy eternall Rest,  
Which by the Sabbath was prefigured.

The Spouse may seeke, but finds not in the Bed  
Her Bridegrome: he is like the nimble Hind,  
He must be <sup>b</sup> diligently followed:  
But if by Diligence we once him find,  
<sup>c</sup> He skipping comes o're hills, and mountains like the wind.      \* Can.2.8  
But

<sup>b</sup> Can.3.1.

But

## OF DILIGENCE.

But if I onely speake of Diligence,  
 And image-like to others point our-right,  
 Yet liue in Carelesnesse, and Negligence:  
 I, like the blind, may others Lampes inlight,  
 But stray and wander all the while in night,  
 Our life's a moment here, if we regard  
 Eternity : A cloud to heau'nly light :  
 Like drop vnto the Ocean compar'd,  
 Is earthly Joy, to that which is in Heau'n prepar'd.

The Ayer without motion putrifies :  
 The standing-Poole becomes vnsauourie :  
 The hottest Fier without blowing dies :  
 The Land with thornes and weeds doth barren lies,

That is not exercis'd with husbandry.  
 Thy house and household-stuffe do soone decay,  
 Except they be emploid continually :  
 Thy lockt-vp garments are to Moth's a prey :  
 All things not vs'd, like Steele by rust, consume away.

Looke on the nimble Motions of the skie ;  
 How all moue diligently to their end :  
 Looke on the Beasts that creepe; the Birds that fly ;  
 How they no time to Idleness will lend :

Earth, though the dullest Element doth spend  
 Her strength, for all the Creatures preseruation :  
 The Creatures eu'n their bloud and life do send  
 To man, for Life's and Bodies sustentation.  
 Thus all are diligent here in their occupation.

Oh man ! though Lord of all, who yet art borne  
 To labour, as the Sparkes do vpward flie,  
 To learne here of thy Vassals do not scorne,  
 But eate thy Bread in sweat continually.

In Labour did the Fathers liue and die,  
 To do Gods will was Christ his drinke and food ;  
 Not to dispute thereof with subtily,  
 And nice distinctions, which do little good,  
 But make things easie crst, now hardlier vnderstood.

## OF DILIGENCE.

One thing is necessary, *doe and live*:  
 Practice and Knowledge, must goe hand in hand:  
 The gods for labours, blessings here do giue,  
 Not curious knowledge: They that vnderstand,  
 And yet forbeare to doe their Lords command,  
 Thereby most inexcusable become,  
 When all before the dreaded Judge shall stand,  
 More then shall heare the finall dreadfull doome,  
 For things omitted here, than things which they haue done.

Like Plutarchs *Lamiae*, we are quicke of sight  
 Abroad, at home we lay aside our eyes:  
 If each his owne affaires could order right,  
 That towne would soone to wealth and honour rise:  
 The street, where ech his dore sweeps, cleanly lies.  
 I do nothere forbid all forraine care:  
 To paire of Compasses I like the wise,  
 Halfe of their thoughts at their hearts center are,  
 The other, round about, do for the publique care.

The Cynicke, that he might his hate expresse  
 To Slouth, would often tumble vp and downe  
 His Tunne, to keepe himselfe from Idlenesse.  
 Base Commodus, of all the Cesars knowne  
 To be most wicked, was not of his owne  
 Nature so vile: but when his youth by ease,  
 Into contempt of Businesse was growne,  
 This was the Empires fatall last disease,  
 Which lost the Cesars all their fathers did increase.

Oh cursed Negligence! that dost confound  
 Soules, Bodies, Churches, Cities, Families;  
 No gracious Thrift will grow vpon thy ground,  
 Thy field like wildernes all barren lies.

It Soules, like deadly Opium, stupifies:  
 It with diseases doth our Bodies fill,  
 Puls downe our Temples, which did dare the skies,  
 Layes ope the City walls to Victors will,  
 And thorow houses roofes rain-droppings makes distill.

Bewaile

## OF DILIGENCE.

Beweile with me the ruiffull Tragedy,  
That Slouth hath made within this holy Land,  
I meane, those <sup>a</sup> Houses faire of Sanctity,  
Which like so many Pyrami'ds did stand,

<sup>a</sup> Abbeys, &c.

Erected first by holy Founders hand;

First raisd by Diligence, now raz'd to ground  
By Slouth, those lazie belly gods to brand  
With shame, whose *Fallenesse* did thus confound  
Those Places, where Gods holy Worship should abound.

Behold, with *Salomon*, the sluggards field,  
Which all ore-growne with Moffe and Bushes lies,  
Whilst Rents and Sales to him abundance yeeld,  
He lookes not after Industries supplies,

Like Grasse-hopper, he skipping liues, and dies,  
Or sterues, if Winter bringeth Pouerty:  
Th'industrious Ant, and Bee he doth despise.  
Oh Slouth! the finke of all iniquitie,  
That changest men to swinish Bestiality.

Awake you sluggards, you that powre in wine,  
The day's at hand, when you account shall make;  
As of your workes, so of your idle time:  
To some employment do your selues betake,

And sayle not alwaies on the idle Lake:  
It is a filthy, muddy, standing poole,  
No good, or honest mind can pleasure take,  
To row at ease in such a muddy hole,  
Though there his vessel's subiect to no winds controule.

Oh you, whom God, eu'n gods on earth, doth style,  
Withdraw not from the weight of governement  
Your shoulders, nor let Ease your soules beguile  
Of time, which should be in deuotion spent:

Rulers must most of all be diligent,  
All euill cleaves on them by Idlenes.  
Looke on all States, and forraine Regiment,  
They all corrupt by Ease and slouthfulnes,  
But flourish, and grow strong by frequent Busines.

## OF DILIGENCE.

You heau'ny Watchmen, of whom I desire  
 Rather to learne, than teach you ought to mend,  
 Marke onely what Paul doth of you require,  
 With diligence your selues and flockes attēd;

God made you ouerseers for that end:  
 As noug̃t more than assiduous Exercise  
 Of Soule and Body, doth from sinnes defend,  
 So nothing fills them with iniquities,  
 More than this sluggish slouth, and idle vanities.

Elian doth of th' Egyptian Dagge report,  
 That when he drinkeſ, he neuer standeth ſtill  
 By Riuers ſide, leſt poyſonous beaſts him hurt,  
 Who lie in waite, him whiſt he drinkes, to kill:

Oh could we ſee the poyſoning ſerpent ſtill,  
 Waiting occaſion with invenom'd ſting.  
 Our bones with Lust, and Luxury to fill,  
 And vs by ſlouth, and idlenesse to bring  
 To careleſneſſe of God, and any holy thing.

That thus would wind vs from all Diligeſce,  
 Like lazie Sluggards, onely to rely  
 Upon th' Almightyes care and Prouidence;  
 But lo, the Iſraelites ſend firſt to ſpie

The earthly Canaan, which did typifie  
 That heau'ny; whither, through this Wilderneſſe,  
 We muſt not hope to paſſe ſo eaſily;  
 They wanne the cities which they do poſſeſſe,  
 With paines and Diligeſce, not ſlouth and idlenesse.  
 This was their way, this alſo muſt be ours;  
 Priefts feet the flouds of Jordane may diuide,  
 Their trumpets throw downe Jericho's proud towres;  
 But A i will many bloudy blowes abide.

He little thinkes Hels force, that neuer tride.  
 Th' Amalekites, and Moab will assay  
 To ſtop thy courſe to Jordans fruitfull ſide:  
 Thou muſt with Diligeſce maintaine thy way,  
 And fight with hardy resolution night and day.

## OF CARE AND LABOUR.

35

Lord grant I may, like *Paul*, be diligent,  
Who wrought his owne, and all the Soules to saue,  
That with him in the ship to *Cesar* went:  
And though he knew, that God, who to him gaue

Eu'n all their liues, his promise would not waue;  
Yet see, he leaues not any meanes vntide.  
Lord grant me *Diligence* aright to craue,  
And *Patience* thy pleasure to abide,  
So nothing that I aske, shall be to me denide.

My *Muse* would faine aboard, but *Diligence*  
Would neuer let my *Meditation* end,  
And blames me sore, that I with *Negligence*,  
Too briefe the story of her *Praise* haue pen'd;

But *Care* and *Labour* next I must attend;  
Which two, with *Diligence*, go hand-in hand;  
God, better lucke, me in their praises send!  
I now will drue my little *Boat* to land,  
And rest, that I more stoutly may to *labour* stand.

## MEDITATION 4.

## Of Care and Labour.

**M**Y freer *Muse* now like a *Faulcon* flies,  
Who hauing stoupt a *Mallard* at the Brooke,  
Remounts againe vp to the azure skies,  
And for a second *Souse* at him doth looke;  
But suddenly she hath that prey forsooke,  
And towreth at a *Heron* in the Ayre;  
So though at first my *Muse* had vndertooke  
Faire *Absstinence*; yet seeing *Thrift* doth pray her,  
To sing of Care and Labour next, I will obey her.

This Booke indeed I wholly did intend  
 Vnto the honour of Frugality,  
 And morall vertues that her Grace attend:  
 But so my Muse doth loue her libertie,  
 And at the fairest is so vsde to flie;  
 She will not leauue her beau'ny Meditation,  
 For any Flower of Humanity:  
 Her food diuine of holy Contemplation,  
 For any earthly Good, Content, or Delectation.

I grant indeed, that morall Meditation  
 May much amend our manners, and our mind,  
 But no such pleasing taste and sustentation,  
 As in diuine, the soule of man can find:

And therefore though I often am inclin'd,  
 The Praise of morall Vertues here to sing,  
 My freer Muse that will not be confin'd,  
 Runs straight on beau'ny Contemplations string,  
 Else I, in others Haruests, loue not meddling.

And yet I hope no wiser Clerkes will blame  
 My boldnesse, here to taste, by meditation,  
 The Mysteries, whose knowledge they proclaime  
 To vs, as necessary for Saluation;

Thereby to square our Liues and Conuersation.  
 And though indeed my Writings I intend,  
 For others minds and manners reformation,  
 Yet if hereby I may mine owne amend,  
 I haue attained more then halfe my wished end.

It is no part of holy Contemplation,  
 To seeke reuenge for vndeserued wrong;  
 Meeknesse and Patiences meditation  
 Haue taught my Muse to sing another song:

God send me more Wit, them a better Tong.  
 Now Thou, that Adam in his vprightnesse,  
 (To shew, that Labour doth to man belong)  
 Didst place in Eden, it to plant and dresse,  
 Help me, the praise of Care and Labour to expresse.

## OF CARE and LABOUR.

Care's an attent intention of the mind,  
To any thing that's needfull to be done,  
Which good and honest for our selues we find,  
And may vnto the publike profit come:

Labour puts Care in execution,  
And is our minds and bodies Enargy,  
In any businesse by Care begun :  
For when to Businesse we do apply  
Ourselues, we call that Labour, Paines, and Industry.

Care comes from Wits chiefe Vigor, Strength, and Eight,  
And ready, watchfull euermore doth stand :  
Labour, the Bodies Faculty is hight,  
Which doth performe the thing we haue in hand:

Where these two powr's of action do band,  
We Actors and Directors call them may ;  
One doth what worke the other doth command :  
For as the Body doth the Soule obay,  
So Labour is to noble Care obedient ay.

Labour and Care, simply considered,  
Nor good, nor ill are, but indifferent,  
And not amongst those Vertues numbered,  
Which in the Court of Loue are eminent:

But for they nothing, that is excellent,  
Can without Care and Labours helpe attaine,  
All in their Company take great content,  
And honour much amongst Loues royll traine :  
And glad is she, that can their best acquaintance gaine.

Care's like an old experienc't Generall,  
Too weake to fight, yet orders all the Hoste :  
Labour is lusty, valiant, young, and tall,  
And strikes, where foes he may indanger most :

Care hath an eye about to every Coast,  
With all aduantages to win the day :  
And though more sweat and blood it Labour cost,  
Yet which deserueth best, 'tis hard to say ;  
Neither had wonne the field, had one but beene away.

38      OF CARE and LABOUR.

When Jupiter an Hercules would frame,  
Three nights at once he with Alcmena lay:  
Thus to beget one that should Monsters tame,  
Men lost, to lengthen out the night, a day:

Besides, the pangs of Birth her so dismay,  
It little fail'd, but she had borne her last.  
By witty Fictions, Poets thus bewray,  
How it Ioues ordinary strength surpast,  
A true Idea of high Labour here to cast.

And thus they make Ioue, Hercules his Sire,  
Who must on earth all Labours undertake;  
And cleanse worlds Stables from impurest mire,  
And Jove of him a mighty god should make.

To tell what for immortall Honors sake  
He did, were too long for a Meditation:  
He made the yron-gates of Hell to quake,  
And Atlas-like, bare vp the worlds foundation,  
What can be more for Care and Labours commendation?

He was not fostred in his younger yeeres,  
With Pleasures, wanton Ease, and Idlenesse,  
But fought with Lyons, Tygres, Goats, and Beares,  
Lust, Rapine, Tyranny, Vnrighteousnesse.

No high thing is attain'd by Slouthfalnesse,  
Then spake great Alexander like a King,  
By calling servile Slouth and Lazinessse,  
But Care and Labour highly honouring,  
Which in small time to him worlds Monarchy did bring.

No good thing without Care and Labour growes,  
With them is Thrift, without a barren Soile:  
Labour increaseth strength, and who her knowes,  
Doth passe through hardest Journeys without toile.

Labour our fiercenesse naturall may spoile,  
But raiseth Vertue: Labour doth restore  
Those that are fall'n: things hardest reconcile,  
She Vertue by employment furthers more.  
In all archievements Captaine Labour goes before,

And

## OF CARE AND LABOUR.

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And Pleasure followes : for obserue these two,  
 Delight and Labour though much differing  
 In nature, yet they link't together go;  
 Delight, I say, still Labour following :

For things we labour most to passe to bring,  
 We ioy in more, then those which vs befall  
 By Chance, and without Paines and labouring.  
 That conquest is most glorious of all,  
 Which hath indanger'd most the Hostie and Generall.

No solace without Labour : no man gaines  
 The Hony, without danger of the Sting:  
 He that will haue the Kernell, must take paines  
 To breake the shell : who, sweetest Rose in Spring

Will gather, feares not Bushes prickeling:  
 But he that in his bosome hides his hand,  
 Whom honor, profit, feare, nor shame can bring  
 To action, but doth all day idle stand,  
 He hates all Vertue, and is hated by their Band.

The Roots of Arts are bitter, but they beare  
 The sweetest fruits : we can no Good obtaine  
 But by hard Labour. Thus if we prepare  
 Vs quiet Peace, what happinesse we gaine ?

The Minds and Bodies rest, them fits againe  
 For Cares and Labours new : as Bow vnbent,  
 Or Lute-string loused to a lower straine,  
 That it may be vp to a higher pent,  
 And that the Bow may shoot the stronger newly bent.

God here hath placed on our either hand,  
 Commodities and Discommodities:  
 These neere, those far, Labor 'twixt both doth stand:  
 To these a way prone and precipite lies,

Who comes to those, great difficulties tries,  
 Whiche they by Labour onely overcome.  
 Labour which wise mens wishes here supplies,  
 And doth to them the trustiest Guide become,  
 Eu'n from their infancie, vnto their resting Tombe.

Worfe

Worse than the vilest Infidell is he,  
That will not care nor labour for his owne:  
How many goods and benefits there be,  
To men on earth by Care and Labour knowne;

So many ills by Carelessness are sowne:  
Base Carelessness and Slouth ! But I before  
In Diligence their Pedigree haue shounē:  
I sing the virtue of the vice no more,  
She to my Muse yeelds matter most abundant store.

For Care and Labour is the very horne  
Of Amalthea, and all plenteous store:  
She brings good husbands store of grasse and corne,  
And plentifully feeds the hungry poore:

She makes the Shepherds lambes grow great and more,  
She is the stay of Trades and Merchandize;  
As good on surging seas, as on the shore:  
All needfull things she by her hand supplies:  
Labour most active is, Care politique and wise.

Like Abishai and Joab when they fought  
With Ammon, and the Syrians on the plaine,  
Both constant, noble, resolute, and stout,  
Both striuing, that they may the day obtaine:

If that the Syrians ground on Moab gaine,  
Then Abishai must helpe: if th' Ammonite  
Preuaile against Abishai: Joab againe  
Must succour him, with all his force and might.  
Care, Labour thus, from losse, each mutually acquite.

Labour betweene the Graces and the Mind,  
Is as the light 'twixt colours and the fight:  
As without light the Eye is alwaies blind,  
So without Labour dwels the mind in night.

And as the Lord ordained hath the Light,  
To be the meane here colours to discerne,  
So Labour, he appoints the medium right,  
Whereby the mind may Grace and Virtue learne,  
And ioyn them fast together by a force interne.

## OF CARE and LABOUR.

And as all life and active strength proceed  
From feeding, so from Labour all our good:  
And as Men, to prolong their life, do feed,  
So good-men haue for good to Labour stood.

As necessary to our life is food,  
So vnto honestie is exercise;  
And as none will expect fruit from the wood,  
Except he blossoms first thereon espies,  
So there's no hope of Age, that paines in Youth despise.

As is a womans fruit without a man,  
So fairest hopes are without Labour vaine:  
Many haue hotly at the first began,  
But Courage want to th'end it to maintaine:

Like some rash Summers storme, or dash of raine,  
That corne beats downe with sudden inundation,  
But soakes not halfe so deepe in flowrie plaine,  
As shoures that fall with sober moderation:  
Things violent incline to sudden alteration.

And as we nothing to our healths do find  
More dangerous, than Ayers alteration,  
So nought more hurts the Body and the Mind,  
Than change to sluzzishnesse from recreation.

Delight or Labour, without moderation,  
Destroy mens bodies, and their wits confound,  
Like Nightingales, that take such delectation,  
Sweet notes aboue their fellowes to propound,  
Their spirits faile, and they are dead with singing found.

Many will labour, but they soare too hie,  
Or else most basely sinke downe to the deepe;  
They either will into Gods secrets pry,  
Or downe into Earths baser bowels creepe:

A few or none true moderation keepe;  
They either diue for profits base and vaine,  
Or clime vp to Gods secret Mountaine steepe:  
In both their steps no longer do remaine,  
Then way of Bird in th'ayre, or ships vpon the Maine.

You that the *Muses* Secretaries are,  
And pen the counsels of the King of Kings,  
I know your Labour, Industry, and Care,  
To vnderstand and publish holy things:

Which vnto you such Ioy and Pleasure brings;  
As we that feele it onely vnderstand.

Yet mount you high, *Sol* fries your waxen Wings;  
If low, them *Neptune* wets with wauing hand:  
The golden Meane 'twixt two Extremes doth alwayes stand.

Fraile mortall man ! if thou with fleshly Eye  
Behold'st the Sunne, thy sight is dazeled,  
Much more with brightnesse of *Divinity*,  
Is thy Minds weaker Eye astonished :

Glory shall him amaze, that will aread  
The Splendour of eternill Maestic :  
Mans Mind, here with corruption limited,  
Hath no such ample large capacitie :  
No mortall seeth me (saith God) but he must die.

Some Meates the appetite do more prouoke  
To eating, we of them must take most heed;  
Such are the Labours which are vndertooke  
For too high Knowledge, or worlds baser meed :

For these prouoke our appetites indeed  
Vnto Extremes, from that faire golden Meane;  
Which do our Callings here so farre exceed,  
To which corrupted minds so much do leane,  
They alwaies fall into a curious Extreme.

Base wretched Cares ! whose Labour is in sinne,  
Which bring vs terrours in true pleasures steed,  
Vncessantly here taking paines to win  
Base Mammon, and this worlds vnrighteous meed;

Or an ambitious humour base to feed,  
Or their meane House to highest pitch to rayse,  
Or for Reuenge, or lustfull wicked Deed,  
Or to gaine popular applause or prayse,  
And be a precedent vnto succeeding dayes.

## OF CARE AND LABOUR.

As greater Fowles, though they be strong of wing,  
 With bodies burthen are so weigheu downe,  
 They cannot mount like nimble Larke in Spring:  
 So minds of men to these worlds Cares fast sowne,  
 Soone like this world, are glosse and heauy growne!  
 And though they might, by noble Industry,  
 Be raisd againe to vnderstand their owne;  
 Yet stupid, sensesse on the dunghill lie,  
 Drunke with foule Ease, and this worlds base Commodity,  
 These louers of the world, though they wax strong  
 In things *terrene*, in *heau'ny* weaker grow;  
 For *worldly* honour they will sweat and throng,  
 But to win *Crownes in heau'n* are dull and slow:

For worldly Gaine they ought will vndergo,  
 From *heau'ny*, least reproach or shame will bend:  
 For Princes fauours they whole dayes will woo,  
 But not one howre to God in Prayer spend:  
 Thus present Shewes, not future Glory, all intend.

What Labour hard, what time can we thinke long,  
 Which doth to vs eternall glory gaine?  
 To haue our wils no *labour* seemes too strong:  
 For Vertue, wee'l not least delight refraine.

Thinke but what holy *Labour* may obtaine,  
 A certaine hope, and sweet remuneration,  
 Of which, the Saints, forsaking Pleasures vaine,  
 Haue by their liues giu'n plenteous commendatio,  
 Here *labouring* all, whilst they liu'd, in their Vocation.

Here Plenty makes me sparing: read the acts  
 Of all the holy *Fathers* till the Flood,  
 From thence, to Egypts *Bondage*: next, the facts  
 Of *Moses*, *Iosuah*, Kings and *Judges* good:

Haue they not all for *Labour* stoutly stood?  
 This shunning *Labour* by a Hermits Cell,  
 A late deuice is of Romes lazie brood,  
 To mumble Prayers, and their Beades to tell,  
 But take no care for neighbour, Church, or Commonweale.

Is this Pauls Watching, Paine, and Weariness,  
Thirst, Hunger, Scourgings, Nakednes, and Colds  
Perils by land, by water sore Distresse?  
Besides, his outward labours manifold,

His inward cares the Church in Peace to hold?

A liuing man lye buried in a tombe;  
Lest worldly cares and labours him withhold  
From contemplation of that heau'nly roome,  
Where neuer such a flouthfull, idle wretch shall come.

Braue active spirits! though in Contemplation  
I spend much time, yet I your liues do hold  
To be more worthy praise and admiration,  
You bring to vs all good, and ill withhold:

You, whose great cares and labours do vphold,  
Like *Atlas* shoulders, ciuill Gouernment:  
Your Splendors we, your cares cannot behold,  
Who know the Care and Weight of Regiment,  
Would neuer enuy them, their glory and content.

O Muses Darlings! do not then abuse  
Your beau'nly Numbers, (which the Muses lend  
To honour of Authority to vse)  
Their names with blots and infamy to blend.

Your Muse not able is to apprehend  
Their deepe Fore sight, that States and Kingdomes sway:  
With care and labour they at Helme attend,  
That sleepe and sing in ship you safely may:  
No genile Dogge will at his Keeper barke and bay.

Great Keeper of this famous Brittis<sup>b</sup> Ile!  
How dost thou care and labour for our ease?  
Besides Kings ordinary Paynes and Toyle  
In Gouernement, thy Writings do increase  
To largest Volumes, for the Churches Peace:  
For Christ's pure Spouse, and thy deare Kingdomes weale:  
Thy Watchings, Prayers, Labours, neuer cease,  
Else blos'mes of Vines, the Foxes soone would steale,  
Or wild Bore root y<sup>p</sup> all thy Church and Commonwealth.

When

## OF CARE and LABOUR.

45

When in his large, wise, vnderstanding heart,  
 We, for our Good, such cares continuall see,  
 What secret Malice can a man peruerter,  
 To deeme that in his Loue, and Wisedome he  
     Aduance will any to Authoritie ;  
 But whom he eu'ry way doth able finde,  
 To care and labour for the safety  
 Of Church and Kingdome, to his care assign'd ?  
 Wise Masters best discerne how Servants are inclin'd.

Great Peeres appointed, by this Master wise,  
 To Rule his Kingdome, and adorne his Hall,  
 Of him learne Labour and braue exercise,  
 And doe not vnto idle gaming fall :

The Bane of Court, Towne, Country, Church and all :  
 Oh spend the time you from emploiment spare,  
 In Tilting, Hunting, Armes, Arts Liberall,  
 And so with Piety your minds prepare,  
 To labour in your charge, and haue of heau'n a care.

Besides examples of your earthly King,  
 Looke on our Lord that sits in heau'n aboue :  
 Who heere on earth was alwayes labouring,  
 Now as our Head himselfe he doth approue,

Most carefull for his Spouse and dearest Loue.  
 See his Disciples, Saints and Martyrs all,  
 How carefull and laborious they proue,  
 In Writings, Preachings Counsels generall,  
 Relieuing poore in want, redeeming Saints from thrall,  
 Amongst these Lights of Labour, with me looke  
 On one, though little, yet of wondrous might,  
 Who, David-like, takes stones out of the Brooke,  
 The proud Goliah in the front to smite :

Oh how do'st thou most valiantly acquite !  
 God and his Church, against Rome's railing Host,  
 And that Augean stable purgest quite,  
 Though it thee mickle care and labour cost :  
 Of this would Herc'les more, than all his labours boast.

D

Could

Could Sloth her selfe that sweet Delight but taste,  
 Which comes of Paines and honest exercise,  
 Her precious time & strength she would not waste,  
 In Idlenesse and worldly vanities.

But like to nimble Larke world early rise,  
 Who mounting first to heau'n Devotions sings,  
 And afterwards her businesse applices,  
 So long as Light lends vse of eycs or wings,  
 And then in rest enioyes fruit of her travellings.

Most sweet Delight! at night when wearied,  
 We end the Cares and Troubles of the day,  
 When priuate, publique hauing profited,  
 We down our selues with Peace and Comfort lay:

Not like rich Mizers, to their Soules, that say,  
 In this abundance lyeth thee downe and rest,  
 When ah! Who knowes but eu'n that night away,  
 His Soule forth from his Body may be prest,  
 And he all vnawares o're taken in his nest?

Vnnecessary Labours, worldly Cares,  
 Which on themselves, not Providence depend,  
 My Muse to them no such great fauour beares,  
 As heere amongst the Graces to commend.

All things created serue vnto their end,  
 For which God at the first did them ordaine,  
 And all vnto his Glory doe intend:  
 Why then should man be slothfull, idle, vaine,  
 So long as heere on earth he doth in health remaine?

He hath a minde firme, valid, rais'd on high,  
 Able to soare aboue the Firmament,  
 And by sweet Contemplation to descry  
 The heau'ns swift motion, Order, Gouvernment:

All things are subiect to his Regiment,  
 In squallid Stouth and ease yet downe he lyes,  
 Till thou who first didst frame his earthly tent,  
 Dost raise his mind to heau'ly exercise,  
 Which may by Care and Labour him immortalize.

## OF CARE and LABOUR,

Not anxious, unprofitable cares,  
Base off-spring of Distrust and Diffidence :  
With present, alwayes, discontent ; and feares  
Vaine, future wants, or childrens Indigence,

Distrusting thus Gods gracious Providence,  
Which fils with open hands the mouches of all,  
Whose eyes looke vp to his Beneficence,  
And Lillies clads in colours naturall,  
More faire than Salomons rich robes imperiall.

He that this all did first of nought ordaine,  
And now it gouernes by wise Providence,  
Is by his Bounty able to sustaine,  
All those that labour with true Diligence :

Sure he will gifte abundant recompence  
To all, who carefull, faithfully doe here  
Rely on him, without least Diffidence :  
He for his Foes did spend his bloud most deare,  
Why then should Friends distrust his Providence and Care ?

Kindle thy Love then in my frozen brest,  
Frame in my minde a study and desire,  
To follow thee, that canst direct me best,  
By thy command to march on or retire.

Awake me from Slouth's filthy durt and mire,  
Lest darknesse me fast-sleeping apprehend,  
From which to Light againe is no retire,  
Let me no houre unprofitably spend,  
Nor passe one day vnfruitfully vnto mine end !

That faithfull servants blessing on him light !  
Whom Thou so doing, when thou com'st shalt find,  
Grant, whatsoeuer hower of the night  
My Lord and Master comes, my soule and mind

May to continuall watching be inclin'd :  
But lest I labour heere too long in vaine,  
I next will passe vnto my Port assign'd,  
To Death ; the end of all my Care and Paine,  
To graue, where, till the finall doome, I must remaine.

There quiet I shall sleepe and be at rest,  
With Kings, which heere their houses fill'd with gold;  
And Emperours, which all the world possest,  
Yet all too streight ambitious thoughts to hold:

There small and great, free, bond, rich, poore, young, old,  
Oppressors, prisoners haue like fruition  
Of rest: All turne againe to dust and mould,  
As small an *Urne* then limits the Ambition  
Of Popes, and *Cesars*, as of Beggers meane condition.

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## M E D I T A T I O N 5.

### *Of Death.*

**C**ome, let's shake hands, we in the end must meeke:  
I haue prouided me this goodly *Chaine*  
*Of Graces*, at thy comming thee to greeete,  
For thou wile not for fauour, gold or gaine,  
Thy fatall stroke, one moment, heere refraine:  
Well, *close mine eyes*, and *dimme my Bodies Light*,  
These shining Gems for euer shall remaine,  
My soule for to enlighten; Oh! then smite,  
It skils not when, nor how, so as *my heart stands right*.  
Ah! why look'ſt thou so pale, as thou didſt feare?  
Thee, before men and Angels, I forgiue,  
I wiſh thee not a minute to forbear,  
I neuer ſhall the *Life of Glory* liue,  
Till thou vnlock'ſt the doore my soule to giue  
Inlargement from this *Prison house of clay*,  
For which ſhe long hath ſtruggled and did ſtriuie,  
Yet ſtill the *Fleſh*, the *Spirit* downe doth way;  
And ſitting 'tis I ſhould my *Makers* leaſure stay.

Theu

## OF DEATH.

Thou earthquake-like this prison house must shake,  
Before my Soule be loosed from her bands,  
And make my Kēpers tremble all and quake,  
Lo then a holy Angell ready stands,

To saue her from hells-watches grizly hands :  
And though heau'ns sudden Light my Soule amate,  
She forward goes, and nothing her withstands,  
A ioyfull entrance to most happy state,  
Thus passe we thorow Deaths-doore, in at heau'ns narrow gate.

Welcome, as sleepe, to them that right thee know,  
And easie as a Downy-Bed of Rest,  
But thou most gasti-terrible dost shew,  
To those, that thou do'st vnawares arrest :

Sweet hau'n to Soules with worlds winds, waues opprest ;  
A Rocke to those that swimme in sweet Delight ;  
Sweet boast of Saints, who with perfumes hath drest  
The Beds, wherein their Bodies, all the night,  
May rest, till Trumpets sound, awake to glorious Light.

To Poore thou shew'st thy honey, hid'st thy sting,  
The Rich thy Sting, but not thy honey see,  
Like Iailour thou doest good and bad newes bring  
To Soules, that in the flesh imprison'd be ;

One must dye euer ; th'other shall be free.  
Thou that dost Death, to thine, by dying make  
The Messenger of such great ioy and glee,  
Direct my Muse, in what I undertake,  
That I may Death discerne, ere Death me ouertake.

What's Death but a diuorce or separation,  
Of Man and Wife, that neuer could agree,  
From Bed and Boord, and from Cohabitation ?  
The guilty Flesh payes Costs, the Soule is free ;

Yet Both ere long shall one another see,  
Freed from foule Sinne, the cause of all their strife,  
And shall in Wedlocks Bands rejoined be,  
To loue, and liue, for aye, like Man and Wife,  
A holy, happy, quiet, and eternall Life.

But this I of the first Death vnderstand ;  
(Lord ! of the second, neuer let me taste)

This is the way into the holy Land,  
That doth into continuall darknesse cast :

No mortall Sense did euer see or tast  
The seconds anguish, terrour, horrour, paine :  
The first is short, the second aye doth last,  
Age, Sicknesse, men to dye the first constraine,  
The Diuels in the second, soules and bodies chaine.

This, setteth willing soules from bodies free,  
That, soules in bodies holds against their will,  
By this, from Bodies weight we quited be,  
That, with such weight of sinne the soule doth fill,

As to the Pitt infernall presse it will :  
This, takes good men away before their time,  
Lest they be ouerwhelm'd with too much ill,  
That, seizeth on the wicked, for their crime.  
That leadeth downe to Hell, by this to heau'n we clime,

The first, hath onely power in the graue,  
Second, in Hell; One, vs deprives of sense,  
By th' other, sense of endlesse Paine we haue,  
Both, haue one name, yet see their difference.

Sinne mother is of both : In innocence  
Had Adam stood, Death neuer had been knowne,  
But second Adam hath remou'd long sence  
The sting of this first Death, eu'n by his owne:  
Thus from a Plague, Death is to Saints a fauour growne.

Christ meeteth her as Esau on the way,  
And giues a charge vnto her rougher hands,  
No euill against Iacob to assay ;  
Thus turns he to embracements all her Bands ;

Death, made by Sinne our mortall foe, now stands  
Our first fast friend, to bring vs vnto blesse ;  
And though awhile our carcases she brands  
With vile corruption, ard Rottennesse,  
Our soules the whilst abide in joy and happinesse.

## OF DEATH.

All first Death gets, is Rottenesse and Dust,  
 A Body onely, in corruption sowne,  
 To kill seeds of Concupiscence and Lust,  
 That it more glorious after may be knowne,  
 Our earthly part thus turneth to her owne,  
 But shall againe a beau'ly body rise,  
 And as at first, be with the Spirit one,  
 Which long hath liu'd in ioyous Paradise,  
 Waiting till Christ her mortall should immortalize.

Alas! why should wee then be so afraid,  
 Heere to endure a little grieve or paine,  
 Be it on Rache, or Bed? so I be laid  
 Safe in my Graue, my soule thereby shall gaine;

Lord! grant me Faith, and Patience to maintaine  
 Hels last encounter, when my Soule is shaken!

The holy Martyrs did not so complaine  
 Of Paine, when Soule was from the body taken,  
 As when their Conscience by temptation was awaken.

This Death, though painfull, quicke dispatch doth make,  
 The second, hath eternitie and paine,  
 They rightly at Death's horrour,quake and shake,  
 Where griefes within, more than without remaine,  
 Whose conscience them more terribly doe straine,  
 Than any outward torment they endure,  
 Who sees heau'ns most incomparable gaine,  
 And can thereof by Faith himselfe secure,  
 Is certaine, Death can nought but good to him procure.

For body fraile, one like his glorious head  
 For pleasures, profits, hopes and honours vaine,  
 (Whereby than eas'd, we are more troubled : )  
 Eternall rest, and freedome from all paine,

Wer't thou, my Soule, but sentenc'd to remaine  
 In this fraile body, yet a thousand yeeres,  
 Oh! how wouldst thou of wearinessse complaine,  
 And maladies thy Flesh about her beares,  
 And seeke Death as a blessing eu'n with many teares?

## OF DEATH.

Yea should this life last without tediousnesse,  
 Oh ! Doe but thinke that as thou more do'st sinne,  
 Thou addest more vnto thy wretchednesse,  
 For Death at first, by Sinne did enter in,

Who would not leauue these loathsome ragges ! to winne  
 That glorious, shining roabe of Righteousnesse,  
 Thou shalt not lose thy Body , but thy Sinne,  
 Thou it againe shalt meete in happinesse,  
*Corruption shall indeede be changed, not thy Flesh.*

As Golden Ore, in Finers fier cast,  
 Is not consum'd, but cleans'd from drosse, and tride ;  
 So substance of the body doth not waste,  
 Only by Death is purg'd, and purifie.

Should Soules heere in their Tabernacles 'bide,  
 With all infirmities till Day of Doome,  
 How weary would they be, of rest denide,  
 And wish their Bodies sleeping in their Tombe,  
 Vntill the joyfull Day of Resurrection come ?

So long as heere our Bodies doe remaine,  
 They haue like Wooll one tinture naturall,  
 But Death them dyeth all in purple graine,  
 To make them Robes for Sprites Celestiall,

For we in heau'n like Kings and Princes all  
 Shall reigne in new Hierusalem for ay,  
 The Grane vs like each side of Red Sea wall,  
 From cruell Egypts bondage on our way,  
 Doth to the Land of heauenly Canaan conuay.

As he, who for ill-doing lyeth bound,  
 Trembles & quakes when loosed from his bands,  
 He must before the Judgement Seal be found,  
 To giue account for workes done by his hands,

But he most stout and resolutely stands,  
 Whose Conscience him of euill doth acquite :  
 So men reioyce, or feare, when Death commands  
 Them to appeare before the Judge upright,  
 There to receiuie iust doome, for things done wrong or right.

## OF DEATH.

As water-drops, which fall in Fountaine pure,  
Die not, but are preseru'd incontinent,  
So Bodies perish not, but ay indure,  
Onely resolu'd to their first Element:

Our spirits fly to heau'n whence they were lent.  
As drops of raine which from the heau'ns descend,  
Are all into the wombe of Tethys sent:  
So Saints dead Bodies to Earths bowels tend,  
Whence drawn vp by Sonnes heate, to heau'n they re-ascend.

What is our Life? a wind, a course to death:  
They that on Earth the longest course can gaine,  
Runne in the end themselues quite out of breath,  
And no more but their courses end obtaine;

To which, they that liue fewer yeeres attaine.  
God here to men doth life, like money, lend:  
Which at our Day we must pay backe againe.  
As without oyle the Lampe no light doth send,  
So when our humid's spent, our Life is at an end.

As Pilgrim with long trauell wearied,  
Layes downe his Flesh to sleepe in darkest night,  
But Visions houering about his head,  
Do shew vnto his Soule most heau'nly Light,

And doth with Dreames his spirits so delight,  
He wisheth oft the night would euer last:  
So fares it with the new-deceased wight,  
When in the graue his Body sleepeth fast,  
And Angels haue his Soule in Abranams-bosome plac't.

As Starres of heau'n, which first in East do shine,  
Arise, till their Meridian they haue past,  
But do from thence as fast againe decline,  
Till they into the westerne Seas are cast:

Eu'n so vaine Mortals, here are all in hast,  
Till they their highest pitch of strength attaine;  
But that once got, they fall againe as fast,  
And downward to the graue descend amaine,  
Some here a shorter, some a longer course obtaine.

And

And as hee's happiest, whom the swiftest wind  
Brings soonest to the Port, and hau'n of rest,  
So's lie, that soonest in the *grau*e doth find  
Harbour against worlds stormes, which him infest.

*Death* doth but like his brother *Sleepe* arrest  
The weary wight, where he a longer night,  
Himselfe in *grau*e, than in his *bed* may rest;  
And yet no longer, than till *Christ* our Light  
Awakes vs, to enjoy for ay his glorious sight.

To all that labour, pleasing is the end ;  
The Traueller inquireth for his Inne:  
The hired Seruant, when his Yeere doth end :  
The Husband, when his Haruest doth beginne :

Merchant of his Aduentures comming in:  
The Woman, when her ninth Month doth expire:  
So Saints, of Death haue euer mindfull bin :  
For where's our Treasure, there's our hearts desire,  
And where our Crowne is laid, our eyes do ay aspire.

Therefore the dying Saints like Swans do sing,  
Foreseeing, that they in the *grau*e should rest  
From Labours, and be freed from the sting  
Of Sinne, which here their liues did most infest :

Why should we with Deaths feare be so distrest?  
When as the Lord of Life himselfe did die,  
That we from sting of *Death* might be releas'd;  
Eu'n Sinne, the Cause of all our Misery,  
And made *Death* our first step to true Felicity.

The truth herof the sacred Pages seale,  
When that which commonly we dying call,  
They call it *sleeping* : For Christ did repeale  
The Act of dying, by his Funerall :

Thus Patriarchs, Prophets, Kings, Apostles, all  
Lie *sleeping*, till the finall Resurrection,  
From *Adam*, to the Judgement generall,  
All to this *fatal* *Lord* must yeeld subiection,  
And sleepe secure and sound vnder his safe protection.

The

## OF DEATH.

55

The Wiseman therefore, better doth commend  
The Day of Death, then of Nativity;  
By that, our paine and labours haue an end;  
This, the Beginning is of Misery :

The Lord of Life, who Life and Death did try,  
Proclaimeth endlesse Blessednesse to those,  
With rest from labour, in the Lord that die ;  
Blessed whom he to live in him hath chose,  
But till their Death, from Labour they haue no repose.

See, but how wiser Heathens entertaine  
This fatall stroke, this last necessity :  
How they on Birth-dayes, lowd lament and plaine,  
At Funerals, make mirth and melody;

For that begins, this ends all misery :  
No man, say they, that doth not Death despise,  
Can here on earth enjoy true Liberty,  
They onely saw an end of miseries,  
But lo ! heau'n stands wide open vnto Christians eyes.

Ah why should Painters limme Death with a dart,  
Time with a Syth, before him cuts all downe,  
Death doth but lance, and play the Surgeons part,  
Time fells the Corne, that's ready to be mowne,

Alas ! what Cruelty hath Death vs showne ?  
Thou art but as a Seruant vnto time,  
To gather Fruits which, he saith, ripe be growne :  
In Winc-presse thou but treadest out the winc,  
To barrell vp in Tombes that there it may refine.

As we greene Fruites more difficultly pull,  
Than those we find hang ripe vpon the tree,  
So youthfull Sprites of heate and vigor full,  
More hardly die than they that aged be :

This is the greatest difference we see,  
Betweene their courses that are short and long,  
Both goe the broad way of Mortality,  
Death, like a mighty wind here layes along,  
As weake and hollow Elmes, so Cedars stout and strong.

Who

Who is so strong whom she hath not cast downe?  
 Looke all the generations gone and past,  
 Their ancient Monuments by Bookes are knowne,  
 In Graze their Bodies all to dust do waste;

The Iewes long-life more eagerly imbrac't,  
 As 'twas a type of endlesse happinasse,  
 But since Christ in his youth of Death did taste.  
 All Substances fulfill'd, their Figures cease,  
 Now happiest he whom Death the soonest doth release,

Happy, though clouds of stones thy head infold  
 Like Steph'ns, so open heau'ns shew pure & cleare,  
 And though a Trance like Pauls so fast thee hold,  
 That whether thou without the Body were,

Or in the Body, thou canst not declare.

Though thus Death doth like sleepe thy flesh arrest,  
 The ioyes of heau'n shall to thy Soule appeare,  
 Not to be vttered: Lo, they are best  
 By Negatiues, not by Affirmatiues exprest.

No eye hath scene, no eare hath euer heard,  
 No heart conceiue, no tongue that can recite  
 The ioyes, th' Almighty hath in heau'n prepar'd,  
 For them that here do liue and die aright:

Oh enter Soule into thy Lords delight!  
 This ioy thou canst not in thy selfe containe,  
 For thou art bounded, that is infinite;  
 Who enters, shall for euer there remaine,  
 And for these finite Cares, Ioy infinite obtaine.

Oh! who can know this Death, and be afraid?  
 Although amongst the pots thou lie a time,  
 Thou like a siluer Doue, shalt be arraid  
 With golden feathers, which like heau'n shall shine.

But ah! Thus with my selfe I do diuine,  
 Without least perill, by free Speculation:  
 But should Death seize on this my brittle Sbrine,  
 And offer me to act my Meditation,  
 How should I tremble at my houses desolation!

That

## OF DEATH.

That which is now familiar to my thought,  
Will bring me then Amazement, Horror, Feare.  
Alas! this battel's not so easily fought,  
Except Iehouah on our side appeare.

Didst thinke, Death would with Complement forbear,  
And onely thee delight with Meditation?  
No, he will try what courage thou dost beare,  
And seize vpon thy *Fleshes habitation*,  
It laying waste, till all in *Christ haue restoration*.

Then as I feele this *outward man decay*,  
Grant I may strong and stronger grow within,  
And by a constant *daily dying* may  
Be arm'd, against this *strong man enter in*;

That though he seize vpon this *man of sinne*,  
My *inward man* may like the siluer Doue,  
That newly hath escap't the *Fowlers ginne*,  
Fly to her Lord and Sauour aboue,  
And be embraced in his blessed *armes of Loue*.

Oh! there I shall inioy eternall rest,  
And happy Peace, which here I craue and misse,  
And wander further more and more distrest.

What if some little paine in passage is,

Which makes fraile flesh to feare Deaths pallid kisse?  
That paine's well borne, that endlesse ease doth gaine,  
And from Sinnes cruell slauery dismisse.  
*Sleepe after Toyle, faire-weather after raine,*  
*Peace after Warre; ease is most pleasing after paine.*

We all are *wanderers weary of our way*,  
And hasting to the *Graue our certaine home*:  
This world's the *Flood* which doth our *passage stay*,  
Till <sup>a</sup> *Charons boat* to west vs ouer, come.

Who Life did limit by eternall Doome,  
And times for all things hath established,  
Appoints each *Centinel* vnto his roome,  
And so the termes of Life hath limited,  
None may depart, but by their *Captaine* licensed.

<sup>a</sup> Death

Nef-

Nefarious wretch ! who with flagitious hand,  
Dares violate the Temple God did raise,  
A Mirrour here of all his Workes to stand,  
His wisedome to commend, and goodnessse praise:

He that appoints the great worlds nights & dayes;  
From her Creation to last Revolution,  
Determinis all thy small worlds workes and wayes,  
Who wilfully then hasts his dissolution,  
Seekes to gain-say his Makers constant resolution.

The longer life I know the greater sinne;  
The greater sinne, the greater punishment,  
Yet if thou Souldier-like art entred in,  
Thou must go on with stoutest hardiment,

And not depart without commandement;  
Oh lie not downe, and thee to rest betake,  
Ensuing ills of living to pretient,  
Though life hath nought that can her loued make,  
Yet giues it no iust Cause that thou should'st it forsake;

And yet, O sinfull man ! do not desire,  
To draw thy dayes forth to the last degree,  
Vntill the measure of thy sinfull hire,  
Be heaped vp with all impiety,

Against the day of Wrath and Ielousie,  
Whilst thou this sinfull Body bearst about,  
Laden with Sinnes, and foule Iniquity,  
Their numbers more and more increase no doubt,  
Most happy he whom Death the soonest helpeth out.

Despaire not yet, fraile, silly, fleshly wight,  
Nor let Distrust amate thy manfull heart,  
Nor Satans malicing dismay thy sprite,  
Thou in thy Sauours meris hast a part,

Oh why shouldst thou despaire, that certain art  
Of Christ thy Sauour ? Lo ! in him is grace,  
From thee for euer to remoue Hels smart.  
And that accurst hand-writing to deface,  
No sinnes can be so great, but Mercy may haue place.

How

## OF DEATH.

How then shoulde any wretched wight be wonne,  
To spoile the *castle* of his *life* and *state*?  
Is't not Gods doing whatsoeuer's done  
In heau'n and earth? Did he not all create

To liue and die by his eternall *Fate*?  
Who dares then striue with strong *Necessity*?  
That constant holds the world in changing *state*,  
All ought be willing here to liue or die:  
Life, Death, ordained are by heau'nly *Destiny*.

Then witnesse Death, that willing I lay downe  
My Body, sure to put it on againe;  
My fleshly Baggage, for a heau'nly Crowne,  
My earthly Bondage in the heau'ns to raigne.

I leaue this Tent of brittle *clay*, to gaine  
In heau'n a *mansion* holy, spirituall.  
Lo, my *corruption* here I downe haue laine,  
For *incorruption*, pure, Angelicall,  
And for a heau'nly Parlour, chang'd my earthly *Hall*.

Lord, this I craue, Direct me in the way,  
So shall I certainly attaine my end:  
If well my *Part* on mortall *Stage* I play,  
Saints, Angels, my beholders, shall commend

My *Action*: God and *Christ* shall be my friend:  
And when my *flesh* to Natures *Tyning-roome*,  
From whence it came, shall quietly descend:  
It there shall rest vntill the Day of *doome*,  
And then in heau'nly *Quire* a *Singing-man* become.

Sweet Death, then friendly let me thee embrace:  
He truly liues, that liuing, learnes to die:  
Now smiling, like a friend, I see thy face,  
Not terrible, like to an enemy:

But I with Prayer end my melody:  
Lord grant, when *Death* my *passing-bell* doth ring,  
My Soule may heare the heau'nly *Harmony*  
Of *Saints* and *Angels*, which most ioyfull sing  
Sweet *Hallelujahs* to their *Saviour*, *God* and *King*.

F I N I S.

**T**O thee, poore Bird, in Cage imprisoned;  
How like am I, by Ague visited?

I cannot use my horse, nor thou thy wing,  
And therefore both sit still within, and sing.

My Muse hath with my Body Sympathie:  
If well, I learne to live; if sicke, to die.

### Of dying young.

**T**HIS world a banquet is, we, conviuers all,  
Where most, by Drinke, to sinne and surfet fall:  
Who dyeth young, is like him that doth rise  
From banquet, ere the wine his wit surprize.

F I N I S.

# S V S A N N A :

O R,

## THE ARRAIGNMENT OF THE TWO VN- IVST ELDERS.

DEUT. 16. 20.

*That which is iust and right shalt thou follow,  
that thou maist live and enjoy the Land  
which the Lord thy God giueth thee.*



LONDON,

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